

# White Hand

A Tale of the Early Settlers of Louisiana.

BY AUSTIN C. BURDICK

## CHAPTER VI.

The two companions walked on for some distance without speaking, for they both had plenty to think of, and each seemed to have thoughts which he wished to keep to himself. Goupard was the first to break the silence.

"Louis," he asked, in a half careless tone, "does Simon look like your sister?"

Louis fairly started at the strange question, and after regarding his companion for a moment, as if to assure himself that he had heard right, he replied:

"Love her? Simon live Louise? What do you mean?"

"I mean what I ask. Has Simon looked ever thought of marrying with Louise?"

"Why, what a question! Are your wits turned? But why do you ask?"

"Simply because I—I wished to know."

"Has Goupard, you suspect something. Now, out with it. If you love me, tell me all. Am I not right?"

"I cannot say that I really suspect, Louis, but I can see some small straws in the wind, and I should like to find which way they lie."

"Go ahead. Speak on."

"Then listen, Louis. You heard the answer that red villain made when you asked him who sent him to kill us? He said they did not mean to kill you. Do you believe he spoke the truth then?"

"Yes, Goup; they meant to kill one of us, and only one. The arrow that came near your head was meant for you, only you must have moved after the shaft started. Had they meant death for both of us, we should hardly have known what killed us, for then they would have been at home in their work. When we started up, they could not well shoot without endangering my life, and thus they got loitered. They were mistaken in their estimate of my character, for they really believed when they drew their tomahawks and commenced their death-dance, that we should be frightened out of our wits."

"They were mistaken, in truth," returned Goupard. "And then, in a changed tone, he added, 'But you see they meant to kill me, and only capture you. Now, what does it mean? Can you inform me of any possible plan whereon to hang a thought?'"

"For some distance Louis walked thoughtfully on, and when he spoke, his voice was very low and distinct.

"You asked me if Simon looked like your sister? Had you any reason for suspecting such a thing?"

"It was now Goupard's turn to hesitate, but it was not for a long time.

"I have reason to believe that he hates me. Now, why should he be so? While I knew him in France, we were on the most friendly terms. To be sure, I used to beat him at the pistol, but then he more than made up for it in the sword play. But we were the best friends imaginable. Now, however, he hates or fears me, and the more he tries to hide it, the more plainly can I see it. Now, whence comes it, if not from his fear of losing Louise?"

"Goupard, there's a show of substance there! Yet I never thought that Simon was a man to love deeply."

"To love what?"

"Why—any female."

"Ah," returned Goupard, "he may have a strong affection, however, for some thousand pieces of hard, yellow gold. The dying man said, if you remember, that there was a strange bird in the eagle's nest!"

"Yes—yes."

"I might have feared that suspicion would fall on me, had not I been one of the intended victims. But tell me, Louis, what you think of it."

"I know not what to think now! But you have touched a strange point. We will watch Simon Lobois when we reach home."

"We will," uttered Goupard, eagerly.

"We will watch him."

"Ay," resumed Louis, upon whose mind the startling suspicion seemed to work now. "We will work it so that we will come upon him suddenly; and while we tell of our adventure, we will note his face. I have loved that man in days gone by, for he has been faithful to me, yet I have found him growing somewhat strange of late. Ha! what's that? Louise, as I'm a sinner! Goup, I'll ask her a question now, ere we reach the house!"

The two hunters had now reached the field next to the dwelling, and they saw Louise, accompanied by Tony and one female slave, coming to meet them. As soon as the first merry greetings were over, and Tony had taken the venison, Louise drew his sister aside.

"Louise," he said, assuming a smile, though he felt it not, "I know you will pardon me if I ask you a very foolish question, but yet I hope you will answer me truly. Has Simon Lobois ever said anything to you whereby you could suspect that he wished to possess you for his?"

"Why, Louis, what has put such a thing into your head?" uttered the beautiful girl, looking her brother in the face with a smiling expression.

"The thought has come to me, and it is really for my interest to know. Now tell me if he has ever let drop any word to that effect?"

"Really, Louis, I ought not to—"

"Ah! you've exposed yourself. Now out with it."

"Well, then, he has."

"I thought so."

"I told him I should fear he was crazy if he ever spoke so again."

"Then he spoke plainly—he—"

"I'll tell you, Louis. He swore he should die if I did not wed him; and I laughed at him, and told him he was crazy. I never dreamed of such a thing before."

"And when was this?"

"On the very next night after Goupard's arrival."

Shortly after this the brother and sister allowed St. Denis to rejoin them, and Louise was not long in making him understand the truth. They took the way around back of the barn, so that no one could see them from the house until they arrived, and thus they entered by the postern; and when they reached the hall, Louise just caught a sight of Lobois standing upon the piazza, and looking earnestly off in the direction of the river exactly off in the direction of the river behind, and then he walked out upon the piazza. Lobois started when he saw him.

"Ah, safe back!" uttered Simon.

"Where's St. Denis?"

"Alas, I fear he's a prisoner," returned Louise, sadly.

"A prisoner! How?" articulated Simon. And as he spoke, the youth looked

in vain for the first expression of sorrow.

"Why, I left him just now with Louise, and upon my soul, I think the poor fellow's captivated! But what's the matter, Simon?"

"Nothing—nothing; only you startled me somewhat when you said St. Denis was a prisoner, for I knew not but that some roving band of Indians might have fallen upon you. Jestings upon such matters is rather out of place. And with this Simon Lobois walked away.

"Ah, Simon Lobois!" muttered Louise to herself, after the man had gone, "you were started in the wrong place. 'Twas the truth that startled you, and not the jest!"

Lobois did not show much of his real feelings when he sat down to the table, for he came in smiling to the supper room, and hardly had he taken his seat ere he turned to Goupard and said:

"St. Denis, master! Louise came nigh frightening me a short time since. He told me you were a prisoner, and, for the moment, I feared you had really fallen into the hands of the Indians."

"Well," returned Goupard, "we both of us came within an ace of it; so Louise had some foundation for his report."

"How? What?" uttered the marquis.

"Did ye meet with any danger?"

"Only six stout Indians, who tried to kill Goupard, and take me prisoner," returned Louise.

Simon Lobois did not appear surprised, but he trembled, and the color forsook his cheeks. Sharp eyes were watching him. Louise looked up with a startled, incredulous expression, while the old man made three ineffectual attempts to ask a question. But Louise relieved him by commencing with the first sight of the deer, and ending with the death of the fellow who died by the tree.

"They were Natchez," said the marquis, breathlessly.

"No. They were Chickasaws—all of them."

For the next few moments, various were the questions asked and answered, and the old man seemed about equally balanced between astonishment and pride in his brave boy.

"But what could it mean?" uttered Simon, who felt it necessary to say something.

"Ay, what could it?" repeated Louise, trembling with apprehension, but very strangely indeed, looking oftener and longer upon Goupard than upon Louise.

"Yes—that's it!" cried the old man. "What could they mean?"

"Why," returned Louise, "I can imagine but one cause. They know your wealth, father, and they must have heard of it if they could secure me, they would have received a great ransom for me. They probably saw that Goupard was a stranger, and so they meant to put him out of the way, in order that he might not expose them."

Simon breathed very freely now; and the marquis looked upon this as a very probable explanation of the mystery.

After supper, Louis and Goupard embraced the first opportunity to be alone together.

"What think you now?" asked Goupard.

"O, Goupard, I know not what to think! I cannot believe it possible that Simon would do such a thing, and yet things look dark against him. He has asked Louise for her hand—asked her earnestly and perseveringly."

"And she—what was her answer?"

"Why, as you may suppose, she laughed at his folly."

"Then I fear he is at the bottom of this. But let us watch him. We will keep our suspicions a secret for a while at least, and while we exercise the utmost care for ourselves, we will watch him also."

"You are right, Goupard. I will only make one confidant, and that shall be old Tony. He is a keen, quick-witted fellow, and I cannot only trust him, but I can depend much upon his anger. He has been with my father ever since I was born, as you know. He was one of the poor fellows who were taken from the wreck of the slave at the Cape de Verde, and he went to France with my father from choice. He alone shall help us now."

And thus the matter was left for the present.

## CHAPTER VII.

Another week passed away, and nothing further occurred to mar the pleasures of the young people at the chateau. Of course, a dark suspicion sometimes threw a cloud over their souls, but then they saw nothing new to worry them, and they had begun to hope that, after all, their danger had its rise in the culplicity of the Chickasaws. And during this week, too, Simon Lobois had been more sociable and agreeable than before, and perhaps he was not an evil man at all. At any rate, they tried to hope so. Tony had seen nothing yet, though he always shook his head very dubiously when the dark cousin's name was mentioned.

It was a pleasant afternoon, and Goupard had wandered off to where some beautiful wild flowers were just peeping into blossom down by the river's bank in the front garden. But he was not alone. Louise was with him. He had not asked her to come with him, nor had she asked him where he was going. They walked on and came to a seat where a huge grapevine had been trailed up over and about it. They stopped here and sat down. The sun was already nearing the distant tree tops, and the air was soft and balmy.

"Louise," spoke the young man, at length, and his voice was very low and tremulous, "do you remember the great garden back of the old chateau in Clermont?"

"O, yes; I remember it well," returned the maiden, with a sparkling eye.

"And do you remember how we used to go out there and pick flowers, and how you used to weave long garlands with your tiny fingers, and throw them over my head?"

"Yes, Goupard; I remember very well."

"Ah, those were happy times, Louise?"

"Yes—yes. And yet, in all, they were no happier than we find them here now, for my father was not happy there."

"I know—I know. And after all, what is happiness, but the offspring of contentment? Those were happy hours here in the old garden at Clermont, and I have seen some happy ones here."

"O—and we'll see a great many more," said Louise, do you remember how we used to laugh and talk there, in that old garden, and in the old chateau, and how you used to plague and pester me?"

"How did I pester you? Come—now tell me. And as Goupard thus spoke, he reached out and took the fair girl's hand.

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"But I may have forgotten what you mean," said Louise, casting a furtive glance up into her companion's face, but dropping her eyes again when she found how eagerly his gaze was fastened upon her. "You used to pester me in many ways."

"Yet I can remember of but one. Shall I speak it?"

"Certainly you may speak."

"Then 'twas for calling you my little wife that you used to do these things. And more, too; you used to assure me that when you became my wife in earnest, you should be strong enough to pinch and box me as I deserved. Don't you remember?"

"But—but I was a child then," murmured Louise, trembling.

"Ay—and we were both children. You were then a laughing, buoyant girl of ten, and I a wild youth of seventeen. Those were times when the heart hid none of its emotions. Ah, Louise, many a time since then have I looked back upon those hours, and tried to analyze the emotions that moved me then. It seemed strange that I should have then taken an image upon my heart that the hand of time could never efface—and that, too, the image of a mere child. But do you remember when the painter, Viviani, came to the old chateau, and I hired him to paint your miniature on ivory?"

"Yes," murmured Louise, now looking up.

St. Denis opened his vest, and from beneath it he drew a golden locket that opened by means of a spring. He pressed it, and the case separated, revealing a sweet face—a childlike countenance, yet full of soul and life. The golden hair hung in wild profusion about the dimpled cheeks, and a beaming smile dwelt in the deep blue eyes, and upon the parting lips.

"Do you know what that was taken for?" Goupard whispered.

"O, yes—'tis me; 'tis mine. I remember it well. O, how like Louise it looks!"

"Because it looks even now like you. But listen, Louise. Seven years—yes, eight years—I have owned this sweet transcript, and not for one moment during all that time, has it left my possession. Never have my eyes closed to sleep but it has rested upon my bosom, and never a waking hour but I have worn it next my heart. Think you I have forgotten the sweet love of my boyhood?"

Gradually the fair girl's head sank upon her companion's bosom, and when she looked up again, her eyes were filled with tears.

(To be continued.)

## TRADES FOR LONG LIVES.

Callings that are likely to make you live over your allotted time.

No trade in the world is better and healthier than dye-making from coal tar. There is no manual work that comes near it, for tar, and the smell of it, is the finest of all tonics and tissue-builders; so much so that the average life of a tar-worker comes out at 89 years. The mortality is 80 per cent lower, too, than in any other factory trades.

Distilling saccharin from the tar is equally good, and the bony framework and circulation of a worker in tar is always first-class. Malignant diseases are almost unknown in aniline-dye factories, and even in epidemics the workers suffer little. And there is nothing like a tarworks for keeping off influenza. Yet the work of actually making the tar, which falls to gas and coke works, is virtually unhealthy, because of the sulphur fumes; but when the finished tar is passed on to dyeworks it brings with health and strength, and the weakest men improve when working it.

Eighty-six years is a marvelous average, by the way, for the average of the population is forty-nine.

Still better, although not a factory trade, like tar-working, is cow-keeping. Not herding cows in the country, for that is neither more nor less healthy than any other farming work, but tending cow stables. Here the average length of life is 85, and scores of stabled cowkeepers live over the age of 100. This is because a cow is the only animal whose presence is thoroughly healthy for man—the very breath of a cow is beneficial. Consumption and kindred ills are utter strangers in cow stables, and the best thing a man can do to lengthen his life is to look after cows, and, if possible, sleep in a room above the stable.

There is a very strange difference in trades that go on side by side in the way of life-lengthening. The labor of wheeling a barrow, in particular, has such a strengthening effect on the muscles and joints that confirmed barrow-wheelers show the best average in all the building trades—nearly 77 years, and a great many touch the 100. This is largely because, if a man wheels a barrow properly, the wide-apart arms open the chest, and help to strengthen the lungs in a wonderful way. Whereas, though wielding a plectax seems as if it should be a fine exercise, it really knocks the life-average down to 45. The partly stooping position, and the bent-inward position of the arms, contracts the chest dangerously, cramping the lungs, till they are easy victims to pneumonia.

Iron smelting puts ten years on to the average life of a man, if he has good lungs to start with; but if he is weak-lunged it is liable to cut him off altogether. Coal mining is not good, but copper mining brings the average up to 80 years with a run, for the composition of the ore, when powdered, has an extremely strengthening effect on the blood and nerves.

Bringing Him to Terms.

"I would like to have your photograph for an article to be published in our Sunday paper," said the representative of the sensational journal.

"Couldn't think of it," said the man whose sudden fame was due to the fact that his son had eloped with a variety actress. "I have no desire for notoriety."

"Of course," was the reply, "if you prefer to have me sketch you from memory after I get back to the office."

"Take it!" cried the man, hastily tendering the photograph. "I've seen some of those memory sketches."—Chicago Evening Post.

A Beguining.

Resident—Think of opening an office in this neighborhood, eh? Seems to me you are rather young for a family physician.

Young Doctor—Yes, but—er—I shall only doctor children at first.—New York Weekly.

There is a great difference between being buoyant and flamboyant.

# George Washington

First in War,  
First in Peace,  
First in the Hearts  
of His Countrymen



He left an estate valued at about \$800,000.

He was the first and only President chosen unanimously.

He never made a set speech during his long public career.

He exercised the veto power twice in the eight years of his Presidency.

He had light-blue eyes, verging on gray, and his hair was a dark-brown.

He was six feet and two inches high and had large hands and feet.

His face showed marks from the effect of an attack of smallpox.

He was a very good horseman and fond of riding, racing, driving and hunting.

His "Farewell Address," published Sept. 15, 1796, is one of the most profound documents ever penned by an American.

He was a member of the Masonic order, which, in his day, was the leading, if not the only secret society.

He was fond of instrumental music, especially the harp, on which his stepdaughter, Eleanor Parke Custis, was a skilled performer.

He loved animals and his horses and dogs were all fine blooded stock.

Lotteries were common in his day and he was a frequent investor. He also bet when playing cards, of which he was fond.

His mouth was large and he had a habit of clinching his jaws when in a serious mood.

He had portraits of himself painted by Peale, Wright, Ramage, Trumbull, Savage, Sharpless, G. Stuart and others, of which no one can be accepted as entirely satisfactory.

He was a hearty eater, and a moderate wine drinker, but did not use tobacco, although he raised it for export.

Like Lincoln, he was fond of the theater, and attended whenever he had the opportunity.

He could swear with surprising vigor and earnestness, and at times was known to get into towering fits of anger.

He was always in doubt as to his own ability and was never adverse to receiving advice from friends.—St. Paul Globe.

## THE COUNTRY IN WASHINGTON'S DAY.

Think, ye fashionable dames of to-day, of a national capital in 1800 in which the audience room was used by Mrs. President Adams as a place for drying clothes. Congressmen lodged wherever a board could be found. Yellow fever drove the population of New York and Philadelphia into the country. Grass grew in the streets while they were away. The population of Ohio was 45,000, of Tennessee 100,000, of Kentucky 221,000. The number of postoffices was 903, miles of post routes 21,000 and annual revenues \$231,000.

The acquisition of the Louisiana purchase and the opening of the immense domain of the West to the settlers was about the last act which assured the permanency of the republic and left free the way for the marvelous prosperity following. The sewing machine did not exist, nor the steam road, nor a mile of railroad track, nor grain elevators, nor packing establishments, nor electric lights, nor pneumatic tubes, but the spirit of the people was sincere, their courage unquestioned, their faith in the God of the republic stern and unrelenting. How could they fail, led by Washington, by Jefferson, by Madison, by Randolph?

The farm lands under cultivation in the entire country were less than 10,000,000 acres, although that in corn now exceeds 80,000,000 acres, in oats more than 25,000,000 acres, in wheat more than 40,000,000 acres. The annual wheat yield at the opening of the century was less than 2,000,000 bushels; it is now over 550,000,000 bushels. The cotton acreage was about 1,000,000 acres; it is now 24,000,000 and the annual value of the product about \$300,000,000.

Schools were few and books scarce. In fact, such books of value to be had were those carried away from foreign lands when emigrants fled to the colonies to escape persecution. Such poetry, prose or paintings as came forth were poor imitations of foreign standards. Only in theological documents and state papers did the thinkers of the United States take precedence at that time of all other nations. It is not a matter of national boasting, but of world-wide credit, freely given, that the state papers of Washington, Franklin, the Adamses, Hamilton, Jefferson, Madison, Jay and others contained a pure and vigorous English, a clearness of thought, a mastery of lucidity such as no documents of similar character in the old world bore.

So, too, the theological discourses of Jonathan Edwards commanded for the same reason profound admiration, as did as well the oratory of Randolph, Henry and Fisher Ames. But school facilities were few and far between, the accommodations most rude. The total value of all school property in the country in 1800 fell below \$1,500,000; the total school attendance was less than 600,000, and the teachers engaged in the work not over 10,000. At the present time the enrollment in the common schools exceeds 15,000,000, the average daily attendance 11,000,000 and the number of teachers 500,000.

Over a Century Ago.

On Feb. 22, 1800, the obsequies of George Washington were officially celebrated at the national capital, and were also observed in every city of the nation. The greatest American was also the subject of eulogies throughout the civilized world. Washington died on Dec. 14, 1799, after a few hours of great suffering. He passed away at half past 10 o'clock in the evening, and by his side were his devoted wife, his secretary, Col. Tobias Lear, and his two lifelong friends and physicians, Drs. Dick and Craik. The last words he spoke were, "It is well!"

In these days, when Washington's memory is revered by every one, it seems

## REMEMBERED WASHINGTON.

The Visit of Thorau to a Cape Cod Octogenarian.

In 1849 Henry D. Thorau visited Cape Cod, walking from Eastham to Provincetown on the Atlantic side, and crossing the Cape half a dozen times on his way. In his book, "Cape Cod," he describes an interesting settler who remembered George Washington.

He knocked at the door of the first house, and his inhabitants had all gone away. In the meanwhile we saw the occupants of the next one looking out the window at us, and before we reached it an old woman came out and fastened the door of her bulkhead and went in again. Nevertheless we did not hesitate to knock at her door, when a grizzled-looking man appeared, whom we took to be sixty or seventy years old. He asked us, at first suspiciously, what our business was, to which we returned plain answers.

"How far is Concord from Boston?" he inquired.

"Twenty miles by railroad,"

"Twenty miles by railroad," he repeated.

"Didn't you ever hear of Concord of Revolutionary fame?"

"Didn't I ever hear of Concord? Why, I heard the guns fire at the Battle of Bunker Hill! I am almost ninety; I am eighty-eight years old. I was fourteen years old at the time of the Concord fight, and where were you then?"

This was the merriest old man that we had ever seen, and one of the best preserved. There was a strange mingling of the past and present in his conversation, for he had lived under King George, and might have remembered when Napoleon and the moderns generally were born. He said that one day, when the troubles between the colonies and the mother country first broke out, as he, a boy of fifteen, was picking up hay out of a cart, one Doane, an old Tory, who was talking with his father, a good Whig, said to him, "Why Uncle Bill, you might as well undertake to pitch that pond into the ocean with a pitchfork as for the colonies to undertake to gain their independence."

He remembered well General Washington, and how he rode his horse along the streets of Boston, and he stood up to show us how he looked.

"He was a rather large and portly-looking man, a manly and resolute-looking officer, with a pretty good leg as he sat on his horse.—There, I'll tell you; this was the way with Washington." Then he jumped up again, and bowed gracefully to right and left, making show as if he were waving his hat. Said he, "That was Washington."

He told us many anecdotes of the Revolution, and was much pleased when we told him that we had read the same in history and that his account agreed with the written one.

### GEO. P. CROW

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### For the Benefit of the Blind.

One of the interesting features of the Library of Congress is the department for the blind, where books and special accommodations are furnished. At frequent intervals readings, recitations and music are given by prominent society folk for the benefit of the blind who visit the library. Prominent men and women take pleasure in setting aside a portion of their time to read to the afflicted or to entertain them, and it is considered quite an honor to receive an invitation from the librarians.

Peppermint for Insomnia.

A physician, writing to a London medical journal, declares that the finds peppermint water an efficient remedy for sleeplessness. The theory of its action is believed to be founded on its effect in withdrawing blood from the brain by attracting a fuller flow to the stomach.

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